

# THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

VOL. I.

IT BLOOMS TO ENRICH THE MIND.

No. II.

## TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

Oh! tell me, dost thou love as well,  
And wilt thou love me thus for ever,  
As when affection's magic spell  
Bound us in bonds that ne'er should sever?

And doth thy heart, oh! tell me true,  
Still beat with kindred, fond emotion?  
Ah! mine yet truly beats for you,  
And clings with fervent, fond devotion.

Ah! yes, I yet will share with thee  
The tender joys of sweet communion,  
And our dear infant still shall be  
The sweetest, strongest bond of union.

And when the little ills of life  
Unite, my H\*\*\*\* to perplex thee,  
Think of thy lovely boy—thy wife,  
And trifling sorrows will not vex thee.

Nor will we sigh o'er fickle friends,  
For fashion's toys, or fortune's pleasures;  
The purest happiness attends  
When love hath nought but virtue's treasures.  
CORNELIA.

## THE BEGGAR AND BANKER.

'STAND out of my way!' said a rough  
surly voice, under my window one day,  
as I sat musing over the bustling scenes  
below me, at my lodgings in Chestnut  
street.

'Your honor will please to recollect,'  
replied a sharp and somewhat indignant  
voice—'your honor will please to recol-  
lect that I am a beggar, and have as much  
right to the road as yourself.'

'And I'm a banker,' was retorted still  
more gruffly and angrily.

Amused at this strange dialogue, I  
leaned over the case, and beheld a couple  
of citizens, in the position which a pugi-

list would probably denominate squared,  
their countenances somewhat menacing,  
and their persons presenting a contrast  
at once ludicrous and instructive. The  
one was a purse-proud lordly mannered  
man—appareled in silk, and protecting  
a carcase of nearly the circumference of  
a hogshead: and the other a ragged and  
dirty, but equally impudent and self-im-  
portant personage; and from a compari-  
son of their countenances, it would have  
puzzled the most profound M. D. to de-  
termine which of their rotundities was  
best stored habitually with good victuals  
and drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of  
the countenance of the banker, I discov-  
ered, almost as soon as my eye fell upon  
it, a line, bespeaking humor and awak-  
ened curiosity, as he stood fixed and eye-  
ing his antagonist; and this became more  
clear and conspicuous when he lowered  
his tone and asked—'How will you  
make that 'right' appear?'

'How?' said the beggar, 'why listen  
a moment, and I'll learn you—In the first  
place, do you take notice, that God has  
given me a soul and body just as good  
for all the purposes of thinking, eating,  
drinking, and taking my pleasures, as he  
has you—and then, you may remember,  
Dives and Lazarus just as we pass. Then  
again, it is a free country, and here too  
we are on an equality—for you must  
know, that here, even a beggar's dog  
may look a gentleman in the face with  
as much indifference as he would a brot-  
her. I and you have the same common

master, are equally free; live equally easy; and are both traveling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end.'

'But,' interrupted the banker, 'do you pretend there is then no difference between a beggar and a banker?'

'Not in the least,' rejoined the other, with the utmost readiness; 'not in the least as to *essentials*. You swagger and drink wine, in company of your own choosing,—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company which I like better than your company. You make thousands a day perhaps—I make a shilling perhaps—if you are contented, I am—we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in old ones; and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies; meet with fewer losses; carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you.'

'And then,' said the banker, who had all along tried to slip a word in edgeways, 'is the contempt of the world nothing?'

'The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have, perhaps, the one, and I a share of the other. We are matched there too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming, is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me—I am content with a little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture any thing useful; we therefore add nothing to the common stock; we are only consumers; and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow.'

Some passers by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated,

apparently good friends; and I drew in my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play—is there then no more difference between a beggar and a banker!

But several years have since passed away; and now both these individuals have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they had lived, the one a banker and the other a beggar. I examined both their graves, when I next visited the city. They were of similar length and breadth; the grass grew equally green above each; and the sun looked down as pleasantly on the one as on the other. No honors, pleasures, or delights, clustered round the grave of the rich man. No finger of scorn was pointed to that of the poor man. They were both equally deserted, lonely and forgotten! I thought, too, of the destinies to which they had passed; and of that state in which temporal distinctions existed not; temporal honors are regarded not; where pride and all the circumstances which surround this life, never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared indeed as an atom in the sunbeam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they both had passed.

*Emporium.*

#### INTERESTING SURGICAL CASE.

SURGEONS, in the course of their practice, are occasionally called upon to extract articles of a very extraordinary nature from the human body. Needles and pins, for instance, are sometimes inadvertently swallowed, and go into the stomach, from which they perhaps work their way to the surface of the body, and are extracted by surgical aid. Sharp, or pointed pieces of bone, which have been swallowed in eating, are known to have been obtruded through the body in the same manner. Nature, as we once before observed, is most energetic in its struggles, to expel foreign substances from the body; and if it fail in this its first object, it generally adopts the next best course—endeavours to seclude the substance, by surrounding it with a sack; thus, if possible, keeping it from doing harm to the system. Every effort, how-

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ever, which Nature makes, is frequently baffled, and art has to be employed to relieve the sufferer.

One of the most remarkable instances of the extraction of a foreign substance from the body, which ever came within our knowledge, has lately been published in the *LANCET* (Dec. 2, 1837.) It is the narration of a case in which a steel table-fork was extracted from the back of a common seaman; and being written by the gentleman who operated, Dr. David Burnes, of No. 4, Vernon Place, Bloomsbury square, London, is worthy of all credence. With the concurrence of Dr. Burnes we lay it before our readers:—

“Robert Syms, aged 23, was entered on the sick list of H. M. ship, *Belvidera*, about the middle of June 1831,—complaining of pain at the inferior angle of the right scapula, close to the base of which was a small phlegmon, as I then considered it, in the early stage of supuration. On the 19th of June, I opened ‘the boil,’ and ordered poultices to be applied, thinking that it would heal kindly in a few days. On the 23d, however, on probing the wound, I felt what I first thought was the edge of the scapula, but on more minute examination, something black and shining was seen in the wound. On the 24th, it being evident that there was some foreign body in the wound, the opening was enlarged directly upwards, and a piece of steel, about the thickness of a common ramrod, presented itself, but resisted strongly any efforts to extract it. Being unwilling to put him to further pain, while there was a chance of its coming away by poulticing, and pulling it with the forceps daily, this gentler course was agreed on in preference to making a further enlargement of the wound. Being questioned as to the nature of the piece of steel, he expressed himself as much astonished as we were at its presence, and said he should not have known it, had we not told him, and had he not felt pain from our pulling it with the forceps. He had never been in action, having been only two years in the king’s service, nor did he recollect having received any wound by which any thing of

the kind could have been introduced. About two inches below the opening made on the 19th, we observed a small white speck, or mark, rather resembling the mark left many years after vaccination, than a cicatrix of a wound. This was the only vestige of any thing like a wound that we could detect in his back.

July 2. The poulticing has been continued, and there is now a free discharge from the wound; the steel has been pulled daily by the forceps, and admits now of further motion, especially laterally, but is yet forcibly retained at its upper part; its direction is nearly parallel with the base of the scapula, close to which it lies, and in its course upwards it seems to incline deep into the substance of the muscles. About an inch of it can be seen when the integuments are retracted. He is averse to further measures; he has no pain except from the use of the forceps. Continue the poultices.

16. Though the poulticing has been continued, and the steel pulled daily, there is no material alteration since last report, further, than that the steel may be moved more freely in every direction, except when pulled directly downwards, when it seemed to be retained as forcibly as at first; the probe can be introduced into the wound, upwards and inwards, nearly four inches, and can with some difficulty be made to move round the steel; but no information as to its size or shape can be gained from this mode of examination. It occurred to me, at this time, that it was a hook, and that it might be retained by catching on one of the ribs. Having no pain except from the pulling, and being still averse to the use of the knife, the same treatment was pursued.

August 5. The foreign body having become very little loosened, and now causing more pain on its being moved, I made a deep incision of about three inches in length over its course upwards, using it as a director, when it was easily extracted, and found to be a common kitchen-fork broken off close to its handle, and with one of its two prongs wanting about an inch from its point;

it was blackened, and in some degree rusted. It seemed to have been retained by a bridle of muscular fibres embracing its shoulders, for it was immediately liberated when the part was divided by the knife. The wound was dressed simply, and healed so soon, that in ten days the man was doing duty in the boats and aloft.

[Here is a drawing of the fork, which is exactly the size of forks in daily use, but with the appearance of corrosion, and broken off from the handle. About an inch of the pointed end of one of the prongs is also broken off, and is laid close to the part to which it had belonged. The manner in which this broken off portion was afterwards got, is subsequently narrated.]

Strange as it may seem, even after its extraction, the man persisted in adhering to his original statement of his being ignorant, how, and when it had been introduced; and during the two months that I remained in the ship, I was not able to gain further information on the matter. He seemed to have no defect of memory in any way, for he, without hesitation, gave me every information. I asked as to his former life and habits. He is a native of Topsham, Devonshire, has been at sea since he was twelve years of age, and in the merchant service, till two years ago, when he joined H. M. ship Tweed, at the isle of France, and from which ship he was paid off immediately before joining the Belvidera in February last.

Setting aside his own statement altogether, my own opinion is, that it must have been in his back for many months, if not for years, judging from the indistinct and ill-defined mark left, taking it for granted that this was the wound by which it had been introduced, but which is yet problematical, from the little pain he experienced from its presence; and more especially from the knowledge that, during the previous months while he belonged to the Belvidera, he was never one day off his duty or on the sick list. Your readers are, however, as well able as myself now to form conjectures on the subject.

Having already experienced a difficulty in convincing some sceptical individ-

uals of the facts above related, I may, in justice to your readers and myself, state, that as the case excited great interest, while under treatment the patient was seen by the Hon. Capt. Dundas, Dr. Tweeddale, and most of the officers and crew of the ship, and also by Mr. Geddes, Mr. Chartres, and Dr. Jones, surgeons, Royal Navy; and the fork was extracted in the presence of Dr. Tweeddale, who assisted me, Mr. Yates and others.

The patient continued to serve in the Belvidera till December 1833, when he joined H. M. ship Blonde, going to South America. Being anxious to trace his future history, in the hope of obtaining some clue as to the introduction of the fork, I was enabled, through the kindness of Sir William Burnett, the Physician-General of the Navy, on the arrival of the Blonde at Portsmouth about a month ago, to communicate with him by letter. The result was, that he came up to London, and on the 18th of Nov. called upon me to show himself. He then stated, that, about eighteen months ago, while washing himself, he felt a small hard body on the left side of the neck, which he was inclined to believe was part of the fork. On examining the part, I had no doubt myself of its being the portion of the broken prong, and which I asked permission to extract. He readily assented; but before the operation, I submitted him to the inspection of Sir William Burnett, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Stephen Hammick, Mr. Liston, and other gentlemen, who corroborated my opinion as to its being a portion of the fork, and recommended its extraction. On the 20th, in the presence of Mr. C. Smith, surgeon, I made an incision over it, (its position being just behind the middle part of the posterior edge of the sternocleidomastoideus muscle, where it is crossed by the external jugular vein,) when it was easily removed, and proved to be the prong, which had the same bronzed appearance as the fork itself, and was coated with rust at its fractured end. It does not exactly join with the fork, and I am inclined to think some very minute splinters may have been broken from it when fractured, or some

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chemical action while in the body may have corroded it.

It is singular that he had never suffered pain from it, although it had crossed from the right side of the back, to the left side of the neck. I was only induced to extract it from its superficial position, and the singularity of the history, yet it is possible it might, in time, have advanced still farther, and have injured the carotid artery, or trachea.

Though cross-questioned by all who saw him, he still repeats his former story of being innocent as to the introduction of the fork. As he felt little inconvenience from my incision, he has left town with the intention of joining H. M. ship President, for another three years' cruise, and, from what I know of him, I am convinced my steel-backed friend will do credit to the wooden walls of Old England.

### COLUMBIA'S CHIEFTAIN.

WHEN Freedom midst the battle storm  
Her weary head reclined;  
And round her fair majestic form,  
Oppression fain had twined;  
Amidst the din—beneath the cloud  
Great Washington appeared;  
With daring hand rolled back the shroud  
And thus the sufferer cheered:

Spurn, spurn despair! be great, be free!  
With giant strength arise;  
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,  
Thy flag plant in the skies!  
Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,  
Let stars thy banner gem;  
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—  
Wear victory's diadem.

Go, tell the world, a world is born,  
Another orb gives light;  
Another sun illumines the morn,  
Another star the night:  
Be just, be brave!—and let thy name  
Henceforth Columbia be;  
Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame,  
The wreath of Liberty!

He said—and lo! the stars of night  
Forth to her banner flew;  
And morn with pencil dipped in light,  
Her blushes on it drew,  
Columbia's chieftain seized the prize,  
All gloriously unfurled;  
Boared with it to its native skies,  
And waved it o'er the world,  
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### IN SEARCH OF A SITUATION.

THE long wished-for day at length arrived that was to release me from a bondage, by indenture, of seven years' laborious servitude; and surely I can never forget the enthusiastic manner in which I exclaimed "I am free," on that eventful day.

With an elated heart I set out for Liverpool, where I felt convinced my mercantile knowledge would soon be appreciated, and an excellent situation immediately obtained. I provided, or rather my discreet sister provided, several introductory letters to merchants resident there; and an abrupt departure saw me on the coach for that commercial town. On my arrival I procured genteel lodgings, and next morning I set off in search of a situation; but the hum and bustle of commerce drew me from my aim, and three days elapsed in admiring and wondering at the extent of the docks, the magnificence of the public buildings, &c., when I awoke from my inertness with—"This won't do: it really won't; I must commence in earnest to-morrow morning;" and I accordingly visited the advertising offices, and perused the *wanted* columns of the day's paper, and was fortunate enough to find a vacancy advertised in the *Mercury*:—"Wanted, a young man who has a thorough knowledge of book-keeping and accounts; a reference as to character and ability will be required. Address,—Box —, Post-office." I immediately wrote in my best hand an application, saying as much as I could as to ability, &c., and consigned it, with a prayer for success, to the post-office: but a few days convinced me I was not the chosen one, as I never heard any thing more concerning it. It was not long ere I applied again for a situation as a traveller, advertised in another paper, but without success. Another day, another vacancy and another application—all in vain. However, patience and perseverance were my watchwords.

I now began to perceive I was an unwelcome daily visitor at the office of a gentleman who had consented to allow my letters to be directed there—in fact, I thought I appeared unwelcome to the town: and tired with my own fruitless



exertions, I determined to use my introductory letters, and selected one to Mr. B., merchant, for the experiment. I obtained an audience in his private office: but he eyed me, on my entrance, as if he anticipated my errand; for there is something about a man out of a situation by which he is easily distinguished.—“Who is this letter from?” he coldly inquired; and on being informed, “Oh! out of a situation. How is Mr. B.—when did you see him last?” But before I could answer his inquiries, he resumed, “I have no vacancy myself; but if I should hear of any thing, I’ll let you know.” I thanked him, and begged permission to call again in a few days: but he told me I need not give myself the trouble, as he would let me know if he should hear of any thing. I forgot to leave my address, and therefore never heard from him. I then tried my fortune with another, addressed to Mr. L. He could not be seen, I was informed by the clerk. Was it any thing he could deliver? he inquired. I put the letter into his hands, and he forwarded it to Mr. L. in a private office. A few minutes elapsed, and the clerk was called in: I could distinctly hear what passed between them. “Ask the young man—I suppose he is waiting—ask him how Mr. R. is, and tell him I am not in the way of hearing of vacancies;” but the clerk, feeling for my distress, told me, in language which his master had neither the politeness nor humanity to use, that Mr. L. was sorry &c., and should feel happy to render me any assistance, but could do nothing in the mean time. I left the office, the indignant blood boiling within me, and wishing any thing but benedictions on his head.

I now took from the remaining four letters, one which happened to be for Mr. M., in the immediate neighborhood, resolving, whether fortunate or otherwise, to consign the others to the flames. I was fortunate enough to find him disengaged, and had a private interview. He was a man whose penetrating eye seemed to read my wants; a man of peculiar behavior and thinking, and I leave the reader to judge of his speech, which I

give verbatim, as far as my memory serves. On my putting the letter into his hand, he remarked, “Well, young man, I perceive this is from my friend Mr. C., at least it’s like his hand-writing,” forcing a kind of laugh at the circumstance of recognition; “how was he and the family when you left?” I answered him whilst he was perusing the letter. “In search of a situation, I find; well, don’t let me discourage you,” said he, “but it really is a piece of indiscretion to leave a place where you are well known, to come to another, a complete stranger; besides, only consider, suppose a vacancy should occur, the preference would certainly be given to one who is acquainted with the localities of the town, trade, &c., and therefore I see but little chance of your succeeding. But don’t let me discourage you; all I have got to say is, a young man should always remain in the town where he is known, so long as he can keep his character; and he will find great difficulty in succeeding any where after that is gone. For my own part, I have no opening in my establishment at present; indeed, if I had, I could not for the first three months, allow any thing in the shape of a stipend. As I said before, I have got my complement in the office: However, as you are so well recommended by Mr. C., I will allow you to come here until you meet with a situation, which will be much better than lounging or rambling about the town.” A pretty compliment to one who had served seven years in the same department of commerce, and that with a most extensive house: but, because not acquainted with the localities of the town and trade, I must be estimated at the low grade of a country lad! After a few common-place expressions on both sides, I bade the great man good morning, and so we parted.

Thus ended another week, with no better success than before; my finances becoming low, I changed my lodgings, and farmed the remainder of my money to the best advantage. Time kept stealing on; every day applying, every day disappointed: ’tis true I had a note to attend an office where I had

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been making application, but it would not answer even my purpose. A salary of twenty pounds per annum for twelve hours' work per day, I thought worse than starving, and therefore refused it; for, like the Vicar of Wakefield, I had a "knack of hoping" for brighter, balmy days. At another time I ventured to undertake the engrossing of a deed (I had studied ornamental writing) for an attorney, which had occupied me two days and a night, and for which I received—nothing. The fellow pleaded his own case most fluently, telling me that the work was not *professionally* done, and therefore he must first consider what I deserved ere he could pay me any thing; but the number of "call agains" disgusted me, and I never received a shilling for it. What sorry luck for eleven weeks' probation! and yet, even this little success induced me to think that the eye of the public was upon me, and I was ever busy about; and if I chanced to look in a shop-window, it was always done in a run-away posture; every artifice I could devise was used, but all proved abortive. Few, indeed, can rightly estimate the painful intensity of such an existence, spent thus, by one who had been for seven years trained to think of nothing but business, and yet to be in the midst of it doing nothing. All the world seemed happy and busy but myself.

I frequently met with a young man pursuing the same inquiry at the different offices, who, after he had got settled himself, introduced me to a concern, the owner of which immediately professed a friendly feeling towards me, and raised my expectations high with one of his hair-brained schemes which, when tried, proved a complete failure, and I was abruptly told in a few weeks my services were no longer wanted. I found afterwards that he had served several in the same way, and had more than once lured young men from their situations by splendid professions and promises, only to be entrapped: and away they were sent to sink or swim in the ocean of life. It does not require much foresight to anticipate the result of such new-fangled actions—he was made to drink deep of

the cup he had so frequently handed to others.

Distress now stared me in the face, and, reduced to the last shilling, I knew not how to act; a stubborn pride, which not even misery could subdue, prevented me from applying to my relations for pecuniary assistance; indeed, the same feeling would not allow me to write to them at all, to their great discomfiture and frequent solicitations. My landlady was prompt in her demands for her weekly rental: but having my luggage in her possession, she did not trouble me so much as I anticipated. I now began to fear that all my little chattels would soon be reduced to the portable compass of a pawn-ticket, but, by entreaty, they were saved that honor. My clothes, of which I had but a slender stock, grew gradually more and more shabby, but I still tried to keep up an appearance of gentility. Often has a clean shirt-collar done the office of a shirt; indeed, every thing, more or less, partook of a struggle with poverty.—Hunger and I were very good friends. Often have I returned in an evening, after a day spent in tedious search, and gone to bed without breaking my fast. Who can picture my aching heart?

The strange remark of Mr. M. frequently occurred to my mind, and seemed to be an augury of my fate. I wished I had stopped in the "town where I was known," or even accepted the £20 salary per year offered me.

How readily we wish time spent revoked,  
That we might try the ground again, where once  
(Through experience, as we now perceived)  
We mis'd the happiness we might have found.

One circumstance I should not forget. Passing along Paradise-street, one evening, I met an old school-fellow, along with two smart young gentlemen. I plainly perceived he recognised me, though he passed without moving or speaking. They turned the corner of Richmond-street, and I moved on; but to my surprise he left his companions and came to me. I related my sad tale to him, as briefly as possible, for I could perceive he was impatient of delay. He pulled out a handful of silver, and selected two half-crowns, which he gave to

me, remarking he would have given more, but was going to see Liston perform at the theatre, and would want all the money he had with him. Had I been possessed of five shillings, I would have spurned the gift; but poverty and distress are poor aids for the independent mind.

Compelled by poverty, I now determined to accept any situation that came in my way, and no longer considered myself *too good* for this or that; and I soon found an opportunity of trying my resolution. "An errand boy wanted," was wafered on a bookseller's shop window. I applied; he seemed surprised at the application, and kindly inquired into my circumstances. He relieved me, and in three days—wonderful to tell—procured me a situation of £100 per year, which soon enabled me to defray all my debts, and assume a respectable appearance. Three years afterwards, I was taken into partnership in an opulent firm, and became rich, and willing to relieve the destitute wherever I could find them.

If men in office and power would only consider what benefactions they could confer by a single effort of their own; how they could lighten and alleviate the sufferings of virtue, bowed down by misfortune; and what prayers would ascend to the Almighty for their preservation, offered up from hearts grateful for benefits received, they would find in it its own rich reward.

*Chambers' Journal.*

#### THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY.

MARGARET was the only daughter of a noble Baron, a descendant of the illustrious family of Bruce. She grew up fair as the morning, and gentle as a summer's eve.—Her charms of person, and the vivacity of her mind, were just unfolding when she was doomed to experience, in the death of her father, an anguish of soul that appeared too severe for one so gentle to sustain, and time, instead of soothing, seemed to augment her sorrow; for, with her father, perished all hope of realizing a certain fond though silent anticipation.

She had not possessed a susceptible and enthusiastic soul until her sixteenth year, without twining affections with some kindred spirit. The noble Frederick possessed every accomplishment necessary to constitute him worthy of her love, and her father's esteem, but her mother, whose years had carried with them into oblivion all the pangs of disappointment, and the distraction of soul that herself had formerly experienced, heedless of the languid eye of the daughter, and inexorable to the entreaties of her father, dismissed the youth with a cheerless request to suit himself elsewhere. After the turbulence of grief had subsided, she became calm, and appeared resigned to the high behest of heaven, but a fearful melancholy preyed upon her mind; the wonted lustre of her eye departed; the silent sadness of her countenance indicated 'unutterable woe.'

The anxiety of her fond though austere parent increased as the bloom on her cheeks diminished, and dearly as she loved the spot where oft she had heard the sympathizing zephyr sigh to the listning willow the tale of her heart's desolation, o'er the tomb of her husband, she resolved to save her Margaret, if change of scene could possibly effect it. In a few days every thing was in readiness for their departure—their gallant ship spread her wide canvass to the friendly breeze, and fast receded from the mournful gaze of Margaret the hills where she used to roam; the novelty, change of air, and the eccentricities of the sons of Neptune combined, partially restored her spirits, and once more a smile appeared upon her countenance.

Among the passengers was an unsocial, though noble looking personage, in the costume of a Russian officer; no one knew him, and he avoided all conversation, yet he did not appear sullen or affected. The captain was interrogated, but could give no account of him, only that he paid like a prince, and had placed a large amount of property in his charge. They had proceeded about two-thirds of the voyage, without encountering any difficulty, but treachery was yet in the heart of the deep.

To the beauty of an unusually fine day,



had succeeded a calm delightful evening, and when the amusements were over, each retired to rest, with all the pleasurable sensations that tranquillity inspires, little imagining the cabin that contained them was soon, very soon to become a place of revelry for the inmates of the ocean. But the wily captain was not to be deceived by specious appearances; he had the ship put in order for the coming of a mighty storm. She was scarcely in readiness to receive the unwelcome visitant, when the clouds issuing from their lurking-places, as it were, set themselves in array for a dire conflict. About midnight, a cry of breakers ahead was heard from aloft; the charts were examined, by which they were found to be at least four hundred miles from any land. Therefore, supposing the man at mast-head to have been deceived, and knowing they had enough of sea room, they were comforted in the assurance that their staunch vessel would weather it out, and no farther alarm was given through the night; finally morning dawned, but opened on a gloom, thick and portentous; it seemed as though the day of final retribution but waited the Eternal's mandate, to burst the sombre curtain that enveloped heaven. The fierce winds came whirling intent on destruction, waves, piled on waves, pierced through the lowering magazines of thunder, and the angry lightning launched its dread volleys against the rash intruders. For an hour they were tossed about, the plaything of the elements, when a still more terrific and indescribable scene of horror ensued; they descried, bearing down upon them, a large Dutch merchantman, and aware of the impossibility of avoiding coming in contact, each individual sprang to secure what was the most valuable. The Russian officer, exerting the strength of an Ajax, soon brought upon deck every thing of consequence belonging to Lady Bruce, and having his own immense, though portable fortune under his arm, he waited in soldier-like fearlessness the dreadful meeting. But he who plants his footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm, had not forgotten them; they struck, but a fortunate heave threw all that was upon the deck of the unfortunate

'Sea Nymph,' safe upon that of the sturdy Dutchman. Already was the song of gratitude and thanksgiving ascending to heaven for their deliverance, when a faint shriek was heard from on board the sinking vessel; the mother of Margaret exclaimed wildly, oh Heaven be merciful! and sank senseless; again were all the energies of the noble son of Mars excited, intent on rescuing the sufferer, or perishing in the attempt; he bounded across the abyss that separated the vessels, and with more than human might, removed every thing from whence the sound proceeded, and bursting the doors of the cabin, beheld the delicate Margaret; in the hurry of escape her dress had caught, and she had not been able to unloose it;—with a jerk of indignation he tore away the envious spike that held her, and seizing her in his arms, rushed upon deck in triumph; nothing could equal the joy that his appearance inspired in all who had witnessed his bold endeavor; but no delay was to be made, the ship was fast sinking, and he, with his prize, might yet be lost: he tied the end of a rope that was thrown him, around her and himself, and then mounting the gunwale, watched when his ship was higher than the other, then with a desperate effort, flew over the yawning gulf between, and having restored the daughter in safety to her agonized parent, he shrunk away from observation, as though he had been guilty of murder, instead of having preserved the life of an angel. The next day the clouds dispersed, the glorious sun arose, clad in his brightest beamings; the fury of the winds subsided, and the mighty billows sank down as if through very exhaustion; after things were properly arranged, and the agitation of their minds had ceased, the desire to know who the lonely yet warm-hearted officer was became intense; the grateful mother of Margaret especially regarded him almost as an object of adoration; however, he seldom gave her an opportunity of even a word of acknowledgment; but as they were fast approaching the port of destination, and fearing she would soon lose forever all hope of carrying into effect a certain determination to which the over-

flowings of gratitude had prompted, she sought him out one day, and extorted the promise of a visit after their arrival.

The 18th day of April, 1799, gave the generous citizens of New-York, who were on the beach looking anxiously for expected relatives and friends, as interesting a group as ever crossed the wide Atlantic, and in the person of Margaret Bruce, as fair a flower as ever delighted the eye of an American. Lady Bruce engaged an elegant mansion, and, then proceeded with her daughter to Mount Pleasant, where they were received by a kind relation, with every demonstration of joy that real pleasure could suggest.

Having rested about a fortnight she returned to the city, leaving Margaret to revive under the genial influences of the month of May. The saviour of her only child was well remembered; nor had he forgotten his promise; and at a proper time he hastened to fulfil it. On entering the parlor he had scarcely time to be seated, ere she exclaimed in raptures, Yes! now I have found one worthy the hand of my Margaret, and stranger as thou art, whoever thou art, if willing to receive, not as a compensation, but as a token of gratitude, the whole of my fortune, and with it the hand and gentle heart of my daughter, they are thine; for surely no unworthy one can possess your generous intrepidity of soul. The time was now come when he might, without hazard, throw off his disguise, and without fear of forfeiting the object that had brought him across the ocean, develop the mystery that hung about him; he told her his native place was Edinburgh, that his father had died about a year since, leaving him an immense estate, which he had disposed of in order to follow to America, one to whom he had given his heart, and plighted his faith. These last words seemed at once to destroy the very foundation of her high hopes of happiness, and she sighed deeply. He continued,—My name is Frederic. The sound of that name, was like electricity. Frederic M'Pherson! she exclaimed enquiringly. The very same, he replied; knowing your singular aversion to my family I disguised my-

self; during the voyage lest your precaution should master my ingenuity, and ultimately deprive me of the hand though not the love of Margaret. The now penitent scorn of the matchless hero was about to implore forgiveness, but he interrupted her, jocosely adverting to the offers just made him.—Both were now happy beyond expression, she in the prospect of restoring her daughter to the rightful lover, and he in the hope of soon realizing his dearest anticipation.

A letter was immediately forwarded to Margaret by her mother, informing her that the mysterious officer who had been the means of saving their fortune and her life in the perilous hour of the shipwreck, had visited her; that she had found him every way worthy of esteem, and with regard to obligations *they* were under to him, they could never be fully cancelled. The epistle concluded with a hint, that as he had rescued her life, her hand must be the reward.

Soon after Margaret made answer, and with it came a letter from her uncle; her's was first opened; it read as follows: 'I have never before hesitated to make any sacrifice that my dearest mother has required at my hands, and I presume she is well aware that my heart is fully susceptible of the emotions of gratitude; give to the noble, generous stranger all that you intended as my portion, without the least reserve; tender him my heart's acknowledgment as the preserver of its vitality, but spare oh spare my hand.'

The uncle's letter informed her that the fair flower was drooping, that notwithstanding the charms of the season, and the variety that surrounded her, she was evidently very unhappy; although she admitted the superior beauty of the scenery, he perceived that her heart was with the charms of her native home; ending with a suggestion that her mother had better intimate a determination to return.

Having perused the two letters, she immediately answered them, and following her uncle's advice, proposed to Margaret their return, requesting, as she could not give her heart and hand to her deliverer, that she would hasten to the

city and make her acknowledgments in person, before their departure.

To the uncle she unravelled the whole mystery, and desired him not to divulge it, requesting him to attend her to the city to witness the "Triumph of Constancy."

The gloom that had hung over the marble brow of Margaret was measurably dissipated by the hopes that her mother's willingness to return inspired; for although, as she thought, many a boisterous billow rolled between herself and Frederic, yet she knew his heart was faithful, and she rejoiced in the dream of happiness that appeared in the distance.

The old uncle was intoxicated with the idea of the pleasure he should receive in beholding the union of two such steadfast souls, and soon as possible appeared with his niece, at the residence of her mother. By a previous arrangement Frederic was not to appear until two or three hours after her arrival. Margaret being in readiness to receive in a becoming style the person who had risked his own life to save hers, anxiously waited his coming; on his entering the room, in his highland dress, she instantly recognized and sprang to meet him, and faintly exclaiming, My own Frederic! fell senseless into his arms. His well known voice soon recalled her back to life, their hands were joined, and the solemn priest pronounced them one for ever.

DELMONT.

## THE GENEROUS SEAMAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

He then asked what had become of her husband. She told him, that having fatigued himself with walking every day to a great distance for a little employment, that scarcely afforded them bread, he had fallen ill, and was now in the hospital, and that after having been obliged to sell most of their little furniture and clothes for present subsistence, their landlord had seized their only remaining bed for some arrears of rent. The captain immediately discharged the debt, and causing the bed to be brought up again, dismissed the men. He then entered into conversation with his niece about the events that had befallen her.

"Alas, sir," said she, "I am sensible I was greatly to blame in disobeying my father, and leaving his roof as I did; but perhaps something might be alleged in my excuse; at least years of calamity and distress may be an expiation. As to my husband, he has never given me the least cause of complaint; he has ever been kind and good, and what we have suffered has been through misfortune, and not fault. To be sure, when we married we did not consider how a family was to be maintained. His was a poor employment, and sickness and other accidents soon brought us to a state of poverty, from which we could not retrieve ourselves. He, poor man, was never idle when he could help it, and denied himself every indulgence in order to provide for the wants of me and his children. I did my part too as well as I was able. But my father's unrelenting severity made me quite heart-broken; and though my sisters two or three times gave us a little relief in our pressing necessities, (for nothing else could have made me ask in the manner I did) yet they would never permit me to see them, and for some time past have entirely abandoned us.—I thought heaven had abandoned us too. The hour of extremest distress was come, but you have been sent for our comfort."—"And your comfort, please God; I will be," cried the captain, with energy. "You are my own dear child, and your little ones shall be mine too. Dry up your tears; better days, I hope, are approaching."

Evening was now coming on, and it was too late to think of changing lodgings. The captain procured a neighbor to go out for some provisions and other necessaries, and then took his leave, with a promise of being with his niece early next morning. Indeed, as he proposed to pay a visit to her husband, she was far from wishing to detain him any longer. He went directly to the hospital, and having got access to the apothecary, begged to be informed on the real state of his patient Bland. The apothecary told him that he had labored under a slow fever, attended with extreme dejection of spirits, but there was

no signs of urgent danger.—“If you will allow me to see him,” said the captain, “I believe I shall be able to administer a cordial more effectual, perhaps, than all your medicines.” He was shown up to the ward where the poor man lay, and seated himself by his bed-side. “Mr. Bland,” said he, “I am a stranger to you, but I come to bring you some news of your family.”

The sick man roused himself as from a stupor, and fixed his eyes in silence on the captain. He proceeded:—“perhaps you may have heard of an uncle that your wife had in the East Indies; he is come home—and—and—I am he.” On this he eagerly stretched out his hand, and taking that of Bland’s, which was thrust out of the bed-clothes, to meet it, gave it a cordial shake. The sick man’s eyes glistened; he grasped the captain’s hand with his remaining strength, and drawing it to his lips, kissed it with fervor. All he could say was, “God bless you!—be kind to poor Amelia.” “I will—I will,” cried the captain, “I will be a father to you all; cheer up, keep up, your spirits, all will be well.” He then, with a kind look, and another shake of the hand, wished a good night, and left the poor man lightened at once of half his disease.

The captain went home to the coffee-house where he lodged; got a light supper and went early to bed. After meditating some time with heart-felt satisfaction on the work of the day, he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till day-break. The next morning early, he rose and sallied forth in search of furnished lodgings. After some inquiry, he met a commodious set in a pleasant, airy situation, for which he agreed.—He then drove to Amelia, and found her and her children neat and clean, and as well dressed as her poor wardrobe would admit. He embraced them with the utmost affection, and rejoiced Amelia’s heart with a favorable account of her husband. He then told them to prepare for a ride with him. The children were overjoyed with the proposal, and they accompanied him down to the coach in high spirits. Amelia scarcely knew what to think or expect. They drove

first to a warehouse for ready made linen, where the captain assisted Amelia to furnish herself with every thing necessary for the use of the children and herself, not forgetting some shirts for her husband. Thence they went to a clothes-shop, where the little boy was supplied with a jacket and trowsers, a hat, and a great coat, and the girl with another great coat, and bonnet; both were made as happy as happy could be. They were next all furnished with new shoes. In short, they had not proceeded far before the mother and three children were all in new complete habiliments, decent but not fine; while the old ones were tied up in a bundle, and destined for some family still poorer than they had been.

The captain then drove to the lodgings he had taken, and which he had directed to be put in thorough order. He led Amelia up stairs, who knew not whither she was going. He brought her into a handsome parlor, and seated her in a chair. “This, my dear,” said he, “is your house; I hope you will let me now and then come and see you in it.” Amelia turned pale and could not speak. At length a flood of tears came to her relief, and she suddenly threw herself at her uncle’s feet, and poured out thanks and blessings in a broken voice. He raised her, and kindly kissing her and her children, slipped a purse of gold into her hand.

He next went to the hospital, and found Mr. Bland sitting up in bed, and taking some food with apparent pleasure. He sat down by him. “God bless you, sir,” said Bland; “I see now it is a reality and not a dream. Your figure has been haunting me all night, and I have scarcely been able to satisfy myself, whether I have really seen and spoken to you, or whether it was a fit of delirium. Yet my spirits have been lightened, and I have now been eating with a relish I have not done for many days past. But may I ask how is Amelia and the little ones?” “They are well and happy, my good friend,” said the captain, “and I hope you will soon be along with them.” The apothecary came up and felt his patient’s

pulse. "You are a lucky doctor, indeed, sir," said he to captain Cornish, "you have cured the poor man of his fever. His pulse is as pure as my own." The captain consulted him about the safety of removing him; and the apothecary thought there would be no hazard in doing it that very day. The captain waited the arrival of the physician, who confirmed the opinion. A sedan chair was procured, and full directions being obtained for the future treatment, with the physician's promise to look after him, the captain walked before the chair to the new lodgings. On the knock at the door, Amelia looked out of the window, and seeing the chair, ran down and met her husband and uncle in the passage. The poor man, not knowing where he was, and gazing wildly around him, was carried up stairs and placed on a good bed, while his wife and children assembled around it.

By Amelia's constant attention, assisted by proper help, Mr. Bland shortly recovered; the whole family lost their sickly emaciated appearance, and became healthy and happy. The kind uncle was never long absent from them, and was always received with looks of pleasure and gratitude, which penetrated his very soul. He obtained for Mr. Bland a good situation in the exercise of his profession, and took Amelia and the children under his special care. As to his other nieces, though he did not entirely break off his connexion with them, but on the contrary, showed them occasional marks of the kindness of a relation, yet he could never look on them with true cordiality. And as they had so well kept their promise with their father, of never treating Amelia as a sister while in her afflicted state, he took care not to tempt them to break it, now she was favored with a prosperous condition.

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PARADISE was lost to Adam, the world to Antony, happiness to women, and honor to men by *trifling*.

The most precious gems are female virtue, modesty, and truth

VOL. I—D

## CONCHOLOGY;

OR THE SCIENCE OF SHELLS.

THIS science is an interesting subject to occupy the attention of the ladies.

The animals which live in shells are called Testaceous Mollusca. Their bodies are cold and soft, without a skeleton of bones, covered with a skin from which exudes a slimy liquid. They have muscles, nerves, glands, and a heart with a system of vessels in which a cold white fluid circulates.

They are divided into two classes; one called Acephala, or without a head; and the other Cephalo, or with a head.

The Acephala have an appearance of great simplicity in their structure, and no distinct organs of sense, are perceptible. They inhabit shells, consisting of two, or more parts. For the most part they are incapable of locomotion, but some move by a jerk or spring, produced by opening and then violently shutting their shells. The Oyster is a well known example of the Acephala.

The Cephalo have a distinct head, and organs of sense more or less perfectly developed. Most of them move from place to place by determinate contractile movements of muscles, in a part of their bodies called the foot. The Snail and the Whelk may be taken as examples. The Cephalo are generally in shells consisting of only one piece. Shells must generally be looked upon as the armor for the tender bodies of the Mollusca. Some animals of a similar character, such as the Actinia (Sea Anemone), and the Sepia (Cuttle-fish), which are not provided with shells, are covered with a tough skin. There are, however some instances in which the use of the shell is only to enable the animal to float on the surface. The connexion between the shell and the animal is in general formed by means of a strong muscle; but in some instances, as the Argonauta (Paper Nautilus), it is only by suckers, which cause a vacuum underneath by their close application to the surface of the shell.

The inhabitants of Bivalves and Multivalves are viviparous; those of univalves oviparous. The animal is universally furnished with a shell at its birth. The



subject of the growth of shell has been closely investigated; but it is one of such extreme difficulty, that no very satisfactory results have been obtained. It appears that the animal has the power of covering the edge of the shell with successive layers of a viscous substance, which gradually hardens, and becomes a part of the shell, and this process goes on as long as it lives. The extreme regularity of the markings of some shells is very remarkable, considering this mode of formation. The substance of which they are composed is universally carbonate of lime.

Some of the Mollusca live on vegetable substances and some on animal. Most of the former are furnished with horny jaws, and some of them with teeth: a few of the latter have a simple opening to receive such animalcules as the waves may bring to them; but the greater part have a kind of proboscis by which they seize their prey.

Some use this proboscis for the purpose of boring into other shells, so as to get at the body of the fish inside. It has been supposed that this boring is strictly mechanical, and performed by the aid of the little teeth which are usually found at the end of the proboscis. It seems, however, more probable that the creature does it by means of a corrosive fluid, which dissolves the shell which comes in contact with it. There are some genera which make use of this perforating faculty to form their habitations, boring their way into chalk or wood. The *Pholas* and the *Teredo* are amongst the most remarkable of this kind."

LITTLE CONCHOLOGIST.

## THE REPOSITORY.

A TALE.

"I CANNOT account for it, mother, but I feel so anxious, and so timid at the thought of going to the Repository—I fear the ladies; who manage the establishment, may not think these things worthy of a place in it," said Caroline Bradley, in a low voice, to her grief-worn widowed parent, as the latter sat holding on her knee and to her bosom a fair-haired boy, whose pale countenance and

sunken eyes testified that sickness and want had recently been exerting, but too strongly, their baneful influence upon his frame.

"And yet," continued Caroline, in a still more subdued tone, "poor Alice was always thought to draw and color so well!" The mother sighed deeply—casting at the same time a mournfully expressive glance towards a corner of the meanly furnished apartment, where lay asleep, on a low curtainless bed, the fever-wasted form of her fair-haired and once blooming Alice—her beloved first-born. A tear dropped from the parent's eye. Caroline observed the look, and its results. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "you do not think Alice—our own dear Alice—worse? She has slept soundly for these two or three hours, and we were told, you remember, that this would be a favorable sign; this is the first time she has slept so calmly and sweetly." Again the mother cast her eye on the form that reposed on the humble couch, and said with a sad expression, "I would not causelessly depress your hopes, my kind Caroline, and I do think that the violence of the fever is abated; with Alice, as it has been for some days with this poor boy; but her father's death weighs sadly upon her, and there is another crushing load that lies upon her young affections;—have you not heard her murmur, in her broken dreams, the name of her betrothed, and speak to him as if she believed him to lie under the deep-sea? Edward Omer's silence for a year, or rather his deferred return, was pressing grievously, though secretly, upon your sister, before this illness, Caroline, and now it is hastening her"—Tears stopped the mother's speech, and Caroline could not, and did not attempt to reply.

"But, Caroline, my duteous, affectionate Caroline," continued Mrs. Bradley, when she had regained her composure in some measure, "we must not cease to exert ourselves; for while there is life there is hope. You have borne uncomplainingly, my child, the loss of fortune and of friends; you have been a ministering spirit by your father's deathbed, and have followed his remains to the

grave; you have performed every household drudgery, and have endured, unrepiningly, the neglect and scorn of those around us; all this you have done, my good child, and you must still bear on for the sake of these helpless ones and me." "Yes dear mother," exclaimed Caroline, rising and throwing her arms around her parent's neck, "yes, I understand you—I will go at once to the Repository." "It is our last resource, Caroline, for our money is nearly exhausted. Go my dearest girl. I do not blame you for being timid, and reluctant to make this first attempt to sell our little articles; I can fully enter into your feelings; but He who has armed you to undergo so much, will support you still." "No more, my mother—it is enough," cried Caroline; and immediately she put on her bonnet, took up her little parcel, and left the humble abode which contained the wreck of her fallen family.

Caroline soon arrived at the Repository, an establishment (it is scarcely necessary to tell our readers) where small ornamental articles of female workmanship were purchased and sold, and which was instituted and managed by a number of respectable ladies. Caroline tremblingly knocked at the door of this place, and, on its being opened, was ushered into a back apartment, where several females were waiting with the same object as herself. These individuals, however, unlike the new comer, were cheerful and happy, and as they waited to be received in turns, engaged themselves in light-hearted conversation. Poor Caroline placed herself in a corner, and sat unheeded by any of her temporary companions, who indeed, seemed to despise the unknown stranger, attired as she was in a sorely worn black cloak, and a large faded bonnet, which completely covered up her fine features. The object of their neglect—nay, we are sorry to say, of their sneers—heeded them not; her thoughts had wandered back to that poorly furnished home, where her beloved sister and brother languished in sickness and sorrow. The image of her mother rose up in Caroline's mind—of her mother kneeling and imploring a

blessing upon her dear ones; and then Caroline thought of her father—she pictured him clothed in the garments of the blest, and filling a place in heaven as the guardian angel of his bereaved and sorrowing family. "Happy thought! he is now perhaps watching over us!" exclaimed she involuntarily, clasping her hands. The words were unconsciously uttered aloud. They were the first Caroline had uttered, and they produced a look of compassion from some, and a laugh from others.

One and another of the applicants had been called away in succession, and then came Caroline's turn. She rose on being summoned—her heart beat quicker, and her cheek grew paler; but she uttered a fervent internal petition, and her agitation and timidity passed away, though she could not divest herself of a sense of the momentous importance of the decision about to be pronounced. Several ladies were in waiting to receive the work. "And pray, young woman, what have you brought?" said an elegantly dressed female, in a cold haughty tone. "Some small ornaments, madam," was the reply. "Ornaments, indeed! Pray let me see them. Very well done—very tolerably done." Another lady observed that one of the baskets was neatly finished, and other remarks were made upon the remainder of the articles. Caroline was full of hope, but alas! the ladies were not speaking *officially*—they were only gratifying their curiosity. After a time, the one who had first spoken observed, "Really, young woman, it would have been much better had you employed yourself in making some useful articles of needle-work, such as children's caps, or any other thing of that kind. The Repository is so overstocked with ornamental articles, that we have resolved to take in no more of them at present. Therefore I should advise you to return home and work for a week or two at common needle-work, and if it be well done, we may perhaps receive it."

Caroline was so struck with disappointment, that she felt herself unable to speak in reply to this chilling decision. A sickening feeling of despair crept over her as she silently folded up the articles,

and prepared to leave the room. Just as she was doing so, however, the door opened, and two ladies entered. The ladies of the Repository rose to receive the entrants, who slightly acknowledged the courtesy offered to them. The elder of the two fixed a penetrating glance on the retiring Caroline, and asked her kindly if her articles had not met with a sale. "I have made a mistake, madam," was the reply, in tremulous accents, for the heart of the speaker was swelling in her breast; "I was not aware that ornaments were so little wanted here, for this is my first attempt."—"Perhaps you will allow me to look at them," said the lady in a kind tone. Caroline immediately produced them, and the elder of the two ladies, after looking at them attentively, addressed the managers of the Repository. "I think, ladies, you must have bestowed only a cursory glance at the performances of this young person, otherwise you must have observed the beauty of these flowers on this basket, and the excellence both of the drawing and coloring of the whole. Look at this—would not one almost imagine that Nature herself had held the pencil here?"

Caroline's already softened heart was overpowered by these kind words. She burst into tears. "These flowers were painted by my sister," she sobbed; "alas I fear—" "You fear what, love?" said the elder lady, soothingly. "I fear, madam, that she will never draw or paint flowers again," returned Caroline. "Is she ill, my dear?" asked the lady. "She has been laboring under a low fever for months, and it was to enable us to purchase some comforts for her, that I came hither now," said Caroline. The lady instantly drew out her purse, and was about to place it hastily in the weeping girl's hands, but instinctive delicacy checked her, or perhaps something in Caroline's appearance—the gracefulness of form which the humble dress could not hide, the purity of her language, and elegance of her manner—these circumstances, it may be, led the sympathizing lady to restrain her first impulse, and give her charity a form less calculated to hurt the feelings of its

object. She took up Caroline's little packet of ornamental articles, and exclaimed, "I will purchase these things from you—you shall not have come in vain for relief to your poor sister. Take this purse. Nay," observing Caroline to hesitate on account of the seeming value of its contents, "nay, if it be too much, you shall make some more things for me—your sister, when she recovers will do it." Caroline took the purse, and, seizing the generous giver's hand, pressed it to her lips, exclaiming, while her tears still fell fast, "Oh, madam! you do not know how much good you have done by this! Your bounty will save a family from starvation! You and yours will have our prayers for ever! And if my sister recovers, she will do—all that you wish." The poor girl could speak no more, but, again kissing her benefactor's hand, she turned to depart. She was stopped, however, for a moment by the lady, who made her promise to return again within a few days to the Repository. Caroline thought, to use the expressive language of Shakspeare, "her pride fell with her fortunes"—was gratefully sensible of the lady's delicacy in not inquiring into the abode of the family whom she had relieved, and promised at once to meet her generous friend at the same place in the course of the following week.

Leaving the Repository, and its managers, who, to do them justice, were somewhat moved by the scene which had taken place, Caroline took her way towards the mean dark alley where her abode was situated. She held, as she went, the purse firmly grasped in her hand, and for the first time in her life was covetously afraid of losing it. "It may save them," she murmured, as she pressed it to her bosom; "it may save them—it may be the means of restoring them to health, and then I will work for them—oh! how I will work for them! Though I cannot draw or paint so well as Alice, I can do plain work, that at least will be taken at the Repository." The heart of Caroline lightened as she thus communed with herself on her way homeward. As she drew nigh that home, she even checked herself for the,

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cheerfulness of her feelings, as a mood of mind unsuited to the situation of those she loved. One thought, too, of her father, came across her memory, and subdued her buoyancy. But what was her surprise, on reaching the door of her abode, to hear a merry laugh from her little brother, such as he used to vent in former days, but which had long been unheard from his lips! A manly, cheerful voice, also sounded from the dwelling, the tones of which were at once familiar and strange to Caroline's ear.—Amazed at what she heard, she opened the door, and a most unexpected scene met her eye. Her sister Alice was sitting, partly dressed, on her low couch, her pale countenance lighted up with a beaming smile, and her head supported on the bosom of a tall handsome youth, whose fine features exhibited a striking mixture of sorrow and delight as he hung over the wasted yet lovely being enfolded in his arms. The mother sat gazing fondly on this pair, with an expression of hope once more illumining her aspect, and the little boy was delightedly playing with the sword of the stranger, who was dressed in a naval uniform.

All this Caroline saw at a glance, and she required no more than a glance to comprehend the cause. "Edward Omer!" she exclaimed, rushing joyfully to the side of her sister's bed.—"Yes," said the young officer, as he imprinted a brother's kiss on Caroline's brow; "yes, Caroline, it is Edward Omer, returned to his Alice, to his darling Alice. Oh, that I should find her thus!" continued he, bending a look almost of agony on the thin pallid cheek that rested upon his breast, and pressing his lips to it again and again; "but she is still mine! she is still spared to me, and we shall yet be happy!"—"Edward, Edward!" interposed the anxious mother, "this agitation is too much for the poor child."—"No, mother," murmured the weak tones of Alice, "his words, his voice, his love, are life to me."

Mrs. Bradley, however, persuaded her lover to permit his betrothed—for such Alice had long been—to take to

her pillow. Subsequently, seated by the side of his mistress, and with her hand locked in his, Edward Omer detailed to them his adventures, and the cause of his protracted absence. He had been seized with a fever, as the vessel to which he belonged was in the Eastern seas, and had been left on shore by his companions, as one past all hope. After his recovery, he had been long detained, contrary to his expectation, by being employed on a local mission connected with the affairs of the great Company of which he was a servant.—He had written several times by the hands of private friends to Alice, but the altered situation of the Bradley family had prevented his letters from ever reaching their destination.

In their turn, Mrs. Bradley and Caroline communicated to Edward the sad story of their reverses (which were the consequences of a lawsuit), of Mr. Bradley's death, and of the illness with which the family had been visited. Many, many were the praises which Edward bestowed on Caroline, as the details of her unwearied exertions and her affectionate watchings by the sick-beds of her father, her sister, and her brother, fell from her mother's lips. Caroline's kind heart was deeply gratified by his thanks. But she would give Alice her due, and, undeterred by any feeling of false pride, she told how her sister's beautiful work had attracted the notice of a generous lady, and the consequences that had ensued from it.

We have not now very much of the story to tell. Alice recovered rapidly from the effects of her fever, a result owing, partly, it may be supposed, to her removal to a better abode, and also to her lover's constant attendance on her during her convalescence. When that convalescence had ripened into confirmed health, Edward Omer and she were united. Long ere this time, however, a considerable change had taken place in Caroline's position. At the time appointed, she had met the person who had been her benefactress on the former occasion at the Repository, and had explained the whole history of her family to that lady, as well as the happy pros-

pects that had recently dawned on Alice. Afterwards, the kind old lady, who was the widow of an English peer, visited Mrs. Bradley, and from what she heard from the fond mother, became more and more interested in Caroline, whom she found to be as highly accomplished as she was finely endowed in disposition. The consequence was, that the worthy lady exerted her influence among her friends, and speedily obtained so many pupils for Caroline, as gave her the prospect of maintaining her mother and brother in respectability and comfort.

This true history is ended. Caroline Bradley has now remained in the position we have just described several years and has not belied the expectations of the noble-hearted lady who placed her in it. Caroline's pupils, indeed, absolutely idolize her, and this, it is said, is the principal reason which has prevented her hitherto from listening to certain overtures on the part of Captain Omer's brother, a rising member of the mercantile world. 'The happiness of Alice with Captain Omer, will, however, it is thought, tempt Caroline some day soon to leave her beloved pupils to the care of some other guide and instructress. This supposition receives some countenance from the fact, that her brother, having shown a decided liking for the profession of a merchant, has recently been placed under the care of the gentleman referred to.

#### TELL HIM I LOVE HIM YET.

BY L. E. LONDON.

Tell him I love him yet,  
As in that joyous time;  
Tell him I'll ne'er forget,  
Though memory may be crime.

Tell him when fades the light  
Upon the earth and sea,  
I'll dream of him by night—  
He must not dream of me.

Tell him to go where fame  
Looks proudly on the brave,  
And win a glorious name  
By deeds on land and wave.

Green, green upon his brow  
The laurel wreath shall be,  
Although that laurel now  
Must not be shared with me.

Tell him to smile again  
In pleasure's dazzling throng,  
And wear another's chain,  
And praise another's song.

Before the loveliest there,  
I'd have him bow the knee,  
And breathe to her the prayer  
He used to breathe to me.

Tell him that day by day  
Life looks to me more dim,  
I falter when I pray,  
Although I pray for him.

And bid him when I die  
Come to our favorite tree,  
I shall not hear him sigh,  
Then let him sigh for me.

#### WE PARTED IN SILENCE.

[From the Princeton Whig.]

We parted in silence, we parted by night,  
On the banks of that lonely river,  
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,  
We met—and we parted forever.  
The night bird sang, and the stars above  
Told many a touching story,  
Of friends long passed to the kingdom of love,  
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—our cheeks were wet  
With the tears that were past controlling;  
We vowed we would never—no never forget,  
And these vows at the time were consoling;  
But the lips that echoed the vow of mine  
Are as cold as that lonely river;  
And that sparkling eye, the spirit's shrine,  
Has shrouded its fires forever.

And now on the midnight sky I look,  
And my heart grows full to weeping,  
Each star to me is a sealed book,  
Some tale of that loved one keeping.  
We parted in silence—we parted in tears,  
On the banks of that lonely river,  
But the color and bloom of those by gone years  
Shall hang o'er its waters forever.

T. K. H.

*Vanity.*—A man who is proud of his property, will sometimes call himself poor, that you may soothe his fancy by contradicting him. A great beauty, likewise, will pretend to believe that she makes an ordinary appearance, and

"In hopes of contradiction, oft will say,  
Methinks I look most horribly to-day."

The most effectual way to mortify such persons, is to pretend to believe them, and to acknowledge that there are some truth in these assertions.



## THE TWO STUDENTS.

"No circumstance is so desperate which Providence cannot relieve."

TRANSLATED FROM A BYZANTINE TRAVELLER.

ATHENS, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness and wisdom. The emperors and generals who, in these periods of approaching ignorance, still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings, or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number; he repaired those schools which barbarity had suffered to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimus, were fellow students together. The one the most subtle reasoner in the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begat acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimus came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his life in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any happiness without making his friend Septimus a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow student, which he did with the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in love and friendship. But this was an interview fatal to the peace of both. Septimus no sooner saw her than he was

smit with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's illness; and Alcander, being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative, to describe the conflict between love and friendship, in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say that the Athenians were at this time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked for change of fortune, wrought an unexpected change in the constitution of the now happy Septimus. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by the exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or pretor.

Meanwhile Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him, by the relations of Hypatia, for basely giving her up as was suggested for money. Neither his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, nor his eloquence in his own defence, was able to withstand the influence of a powerful party.

He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous sum. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, and him

self stript of the habit of freedom, and exposed in the market place, and was sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into the region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious existence.

Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardor, and traveled by night, and lodged in caverns by day: to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimus sat in the forum, administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day, among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice; and in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another.

Night coming on, he now found himself under the necessity of seeking a place to lie in. Emaciated and in rags, as he was, none of the citizens would harbor so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the street might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, Alcander forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found, on this hard flinty couch, more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight, when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in his blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further inquiry.—The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong; the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed the suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted that he at last became regardless of his fate. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood and cruelty; and was determined to make no defence. Thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged before the tribunal of Septimus. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illuminated with a ray from heaven, he discovered through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long lost, loved Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy, and his pain, on this strange occasion; happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth, and distressed at finding him in such circumstances.

Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honors of his friend Septimus, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left to be engraved on his tomb, "That no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

For the Rose of the Valley.

### THE WINTER ROSE.

WHEN the roses of summer had faded away,  
And all that I lov'd had fallen to decay;  
When harvest had passed, with its rich golden  
sheaf,  
And autumn had followed, in sere yellow leaf;  
When nature was stripp'd of her loveliest bloom,  
And winter prevailed, in his drear, chilly gloom,  
I sighed for *one rose*, that might cheerily blow,  
And sweetly contrast with the wind-driven snow:  
It came—my despondent, sunk spirits to rally—  
It came in the form of "THE ROSE OF THE VAL-  
LEY."

ANDRONICUS.

For the Rose of the Valley.

### EAST AND WEST.

It would seem that every man and every thing should be judged of and estimated according to real merit—irrespective, at least, of *localities*; but such is not the fact. Popular places, popular names, and popular *whims*, have more to do in stamping with favor and applause, men, books and papers, than intrinsic worth. Paul found it necessary, in order to a candid hearing, to declare the respectability of the city in which he was born; and Paul's Master was despised, and without even a hearing, condemned, as one incapable of goodness or greatness, because he was not of a popular city. The same thing is as true of books, of periodicals, indeed, of general literature, as of men. Thus, for information, for models in manners and taste, for news, for improvement, the country looks to the neighboring village, the village to the city, and so on. But through all this, there is a most marked disposition to look *eastward* for superior light and intelligence. Whether this is because the sun and moon arise in the east—that letters and science, and even *man* originated in the east—or that the east is more congenial to the growth of genius and the march of mind than the west, I shall not now debate. Such, at least, is the fact. Paris looks to Rome, London to Paris, our Atlantic cities to London, and we of the west to the Atlantic cities, for light and improvement.

I wish not either to cherish in myself, or encourage in others, such a strength of local partiality, as would tend to sec-

tional animosity. I only desire that we should have candor enough, and enough of a sort of local *amor patriæ*, to enable us to judge of our own men, and books and papers, without prejudice, and of those at a distance, without undue partiality. Judge of men and works agreeably to their merits; and then, if you find in your own city, or village, or state, a periodical, for example, every way as good as one from a remote point, it is your duty to patronize your home paper, in preference to the distant one.

So much of local preference is necessary to good citizenship. He who loves not his own country better than another, cannot be said truly to have any country.

As western men, if a western periodical is equal to an eastern one, we should feel bound to give our own a preference. We expect eastern men to do so, and approve their conduct in so doing. They look not to the west for papers, books, or periodicals. They are generally rather disposed to say of them, as our trans-atlantic friends have been wont to say of American books, "Who reads a western periodical?"

To us it becomes a question of importance, if we can or cannot have western productions equal to those we get from the east. If we can, we owe it to the prosperity of the west, instead of sending to the Atlantic cities the thousands of dollars which we annually pay for eastern papers, to contribute that sum to the support of western production. By this, we should check the incessant flow of western money to eastern marts, and retain it among ourselves, and at the same time foster western genius, and reward western enterprise.

If our periodicals are not so finely embellished as those of the east, we have produced this result, by supporting the latter, and neglecting our own. And if there is more well-developed and ripened talent at the east than among us, it is only because we give no encouragement to talent, no reward to literary merit.

That there is no lack of *writing* talent in the west, is quite evident from the fact, that most of our eastern annuals, and best periodicals, are enriched by

contributions from western writers. And when those productions come to us from the east, instead of being received direct from their source, we can appreciate them duly.

Just so, too, an American author may write a book of great merit, but if he wishes to ensure its popularity, he publishes it in London!

Thus he not only secures the patronage of the literary cockneys, but his book at once becomes all the go with his own countrymen, who can now see its merits through British spectacles, just as readily as we can discover the beauties of a western writer, the moment we see his productions in an eastern annual.

Now, Mr. Editor, you have embarked in the publication of a literary periodical in the city of Cincinnati—the place where not a few valuable literaries have gone down to their tombs, one after another, “unwept, unhonored, and unsung.” While they have languished, drooped, and died, eastern periodicals have flourished and grown up into permanent and profitable establishments. And, among the rest, a periodical of your own, published in an eastern city, luxuriated, I am informed, in a patronage of more than *twelve thousand subscribers!* That periodical I have seen, and it is but candid to say, that I prefer the first number of your “Valley Rose” to any number of your former “Garland.” Why then should not your present paper be as liberally sustained here, as was your former one in Philadelphia? If there be any peculiar merit in an *ultramontane* publisher, that advantage pertains to the “Rose.” For it is hardly to be supposed, that a mere change of location would cause a deterioration of those talents which enabled you to render so popular, a periodical in an eastern city.

Besides this, I think you will suffer no lack of interesting contributors in your present location; and I think, too, that you will find a little kindling up among us of western pride, which may be fostered on to proper self-respect, but should not be indulged to the point of sectional jealousy.

Patient perseverance will, I hope, surmount all opposing obstacles, and cause your “Rose” to bloom in perennial loveliness, and shed its moral and literary fragrance over all the length and breadth of our beauteous valley.

Such is the wish of P. Q. X.  
Jan. 1839.

#### THE MUSIC OF HEAVEN.

THERE'S music in the upper Heaven—

The choral notes that swell,  
Are sweeter, fuller, richer far,  
Than human lips can tell.  
When rings the gush of golden harps,  
And heavenly lutes are swept,  
To tell the quenchless love of Him  
Who o'er a lost world wept.

The gliding rush of countless wings,  
Borne on the swelling breeze,  
That wafts the rustling music by  
Amid embowering trees.  
The echo of the myriad feet,  
That falls on pavements fair,  
Of glittering, dazzling gold that gleams  
In untold brightness there.

The music of the pearly gates,  
When back by angels flung,  
Admitting there a ransomed soul,  
Their sinless bands among;  
The silvery sound that's swelling up,  
When flows the stream of life,  
The rustle of the emerald leaf,  
With healing virtues rife.

And then the tide of melody,  
That swells and bursts, when rings  
The New Song in that far off world,  
That thrilling rapture brings;  
But, awed, we may not note its power,  
Its depths we may not sound,  
Unfathomed, fathomless, it rolls  
In glorious might around.

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.—A Mr. Passey, of London, has executed a document, the material of which was rags made into paper, which was dried and printed in the short space of five minutes. The process was witnessed by seventy-eight persons, whose names are attached to the sheet, and among whom, it is said, are some of the most scientific men in the kingdom.

“If I were making up a plan of consequence,” says the great Lord Bolingbroke, “I should like first to consult with a sensible woman.”

## BUT.

How many pangs that rend the heart are centred sometimes in one little word. How sad a preparation for sorrow and disappointment lies, too often, in that which is here selected!

The forlorn widow, with her orphan children, breathes her necessitous prayer for aid in the ear of some rich relative, who listens as patiently as if he only desired to know the full extent of her wants, and her eye beams with the kindly ray of hope.

"I am, indeed, grieved to find that you are so distressed. I had not the least idea my brother had left you and your children so destitute. You must find it a hard struggle, I am sure, to provide for so many mouths, to say nothing of clothes, and other unavoidable expenses. (A heavy sigh, and a gathering tear, acknowledges the sad truth.) I wonder you are able to manage at all, when every necessary of life is so dreadfully dear, and it would be a great satisfaction to me if I could do any thing to assist you; *but*——"

He need not have said another word. The blow was given. The kindling beam of hope was quenched by the tears that followed this chilling harbinger of disappointment. What did it avail her to know that the stream of bounty *might* have flowed, "*but*"—he had a large family himself, who were becoming very expensive—the times were bad—money was scarce—he had experienced heavy losses—and all those other selfish reasons, which a cold heart nourishes, as the safe-guards of a close pocket.

Your only honest, upright, respectable character in the world's catalogue, is he who pays what he owes. There is no nobility like the nobility of the purse; no roguery to be compared with that which is ragged and pennyless. It will sometimes happen, however, that the man of thousands lets his thousands all slip from him, while he himself slips into debts which are a thousand fold greater than his means to discharge them; *but*—there is such a thing as *misfortune* to account for the *accident* in his behalf who cannot plead necessity. How fares the man who

never had his thousand pounds, yet owes his fifty, with an insolvent pocket? Where are the accidents and misfortunes to speak for him, and open his prison door? Alas! there is only one tongue whose voice can be made audible, and that is a golden one; only one answer for his supplications, and that his receipt in full. His creditor is an adept in nice and subtle distinctions; a master of metaphysical ethics. He would never have adopted proceedings against him, *but*—he considered himself ill used; the ill usage, correctly translated, consisting simply in the fact that he had not been paid; and he would willingly drop the business now, *but*—it is in his lawyer's hands, and he cannot interfere. This, too, requires translation, when it reads thus:—"I shall be satisfied with any thing that satisfies my solicitor; and I have told my solicitor he is not to be satisfied with any thing except the money."

Another day has passed, exclaims a wretched criminal, whose days are numbered, as he casts himself in anguish upon his bed. He has been condemned to die for forgery; and the day of his execution is appointed. He is no common victim of offended justice—one who has always had the halter round his neck; and accounting every hour he lived a triumph over the gallows, for which he had long been ripe. He is a husband and a father; and, till the commission of the crime for which his life had been declared forfeited, his name was high, and his credit, like his name, upon the public mart, where "merchants wail—his fate." It is a heavy and a bitter penalty, to pay down at the close of a life which has stretched through half a century, for an offence that has many mitigating circumstances to soften all its darker shades.

The prayers of his wife and children, the intercession of his friends, the appeal for mercy, even from his fellow-citizens who declared him guilty, have made themselves heard at the foot of the throne. There is hope! When is there not for the wretched? In vain the tongue denies her presence; she lingers in the heart, till that which stills



its last throb, stifles her voice of promise. But "another day has passed," and there are no tidings of that which is to determine how many days more remain for the anxious supplicant in this world. To-morrow comes, to him for whom, perhaps, there shall only be another to-morrow, and with it comes the dreaded certainty of the worst. His intercessors are told that all their representations have been deliberately weighed—that the particular circumstances which were considered as discriminating the case of the prisoner from that of the others doomed to a similar punishment, had been attentively reviewed—that they did, indeed, constitute a strong ground for the extension of mercy—that the learned judge who tried the case had been applied to, to refer to his own notes of it—and that great hopes were entertained of such a report upon all the circumstances submitted in behalf of the prisoner, as would have justified the Secretary of State for the Home Department, in advising his Majesty to extend his gracious clemency, *but*—

What a dismal consequence was here to be gathered! In the whole vocabulary of the English language, was there a word, or combination of words, capable of conveying a sharper pang to an already lacerated and bleeding heart, than this little *but*, which said to the living—thou art to die—and to the afflicted—thou must mourn!

For the Rose of the Valley.

#### HOME.

WHEN in a foreign land,  
'Mid strange scenes we roam:  
Though bless'd with health and friends,  
Our hearts still sigh for home.  
Fortune may kindly smile,  
And golden prospects rise;  
Not all the hopes of gain  
Can sever those sweet ties.

But when disease, and pain,  
And wasting cares appear—  
No friend at hand to soothe—  
Then home is doubly dear.  
Amid the visions wild,  
By burning fever wrought,  
Or incoherent ravings,  
How true of home each thought.

'Tis home in the desert bare,  
Where the hot simoon blows—  
'Tis home in Greenland wilds,  
Where dwell eternal snows,  
And not a wretch so poor,  
How low so'er his doom,  
But has some spot he loves,  
And calls that spot his home.

F. B. G. ....

Georgetown, Nov. 1838.

#### HOW TO CURE A HUSBAND.

A WOMAN, whom her husband used frequently to beat, went to a cunning man, to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious soothsayer heard her complaint; and after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations, while he filled a phial with a colored liquid, desired her, whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquor, and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman, quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and, by her silence, escaped the usual chastisement. The contents of the bottle being at last expended, she returned to the cunning man, and anxiously begged to have another, possessed of the same virtue. "Fool," said the man, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue, and, my life for it, he will not lay a finger upon you."

ANOTHER ROYAL POET.—The Canton Register states that the Emperor of China has written an ode on the Capture and Destruction of the fortress of Changkihur, where some rebels have for a long time resisted the authority of the government. This ode has been printed, and a copy of it sent to each of the princes and grand dignitaries of the Empire, who have, as in duty bound, acknowledged the receipt of it in terms of becoming panegyric; and his Celestial Majesty has thought fit to print all their letters of acknowledgment in the Pekin Gazette! The ode which has called forth this torrent of admiring criticism consists of twenty-four lines